



DE'el take the War that hurry'd *Willy* from me, who to love me just had sworn, they



made him Captain sure to undoe me, waa is me he'll nere re-tuin; A thousand Loons a - - broad



will Fight him, he from thousands nere will run, day and night I did in-vite him. to stay safe from



Sword or Gun: I us'd Alluring Graces, with muckle kind Embraces. now Sighing then Crying,



drop- ing fall; and had he my soft Arms prefer'd to Wars Alarms, my Love grew mad, with - out



Man of Gad, I fear in my first had granted all.

Just at our parting how my Hands he squeezed,
And gave to me a gentle Kiss,
And spake so kind, in truth I was well pleased,
For I found a Joy in this
Then ~~us'd~~ beg him to quit his Commission,
Least he ne'er return again
And then how wretch'd would be my condition,
If *Willy* in the Wars were slain.
I sighing oft did tell him,
What danger might befall him,
In Battle Guns Rattle, Thousands likewise fall,
And if my Love should dee,
What will become of me,
Who here must stay lamenting every day,
And if *Willy's* kill'd then adieu to all.

How happy's she whose Love is not for fighting,
Nor in the Wars oblig'd to be.
But for to stay with her he takes delight in,
If mine did so, then happy me
But my Love runs through many dangers,
All for Honour that empty Name,
Oh, had he to wars but been a Stranger,
Then my Arms he'd ne'er refrain.

Though I had store of Beauty,
Still he tryd 'twas his Duty
To hasten for *Flanders* and must be gone.
But had he sweet Repose
Prefer'd to bloody Blows
He ne'er would fly to *Flanders* for to dee,
And thus far to leave me to lig alone.

I wash'd and patch'd to make me look provoking
Snarres that they told me would catch the Men,
And on my Head a huge Commode sat cocking,
Which made me show as tall agen
For a new Gown too I paid muckle Money,
Which with golden Flowers did shine,
My love well might think me gay and bonny
No Scotch Lass was e're so fine,
My Petticoat I spotted,
Fringe too with Thread I knotied.
Lace shoes, silken Hose garter'd over Knees,
But oh! the fatal thought,
To *Willy* these are naught,
Who rid to Town and rifled with Dragoons,
When he silly Loon might have plunder'd me.